

F. C. BURNAND'S  
VOLUMES.  
5/- EACH.  
ILLUSTRATED.

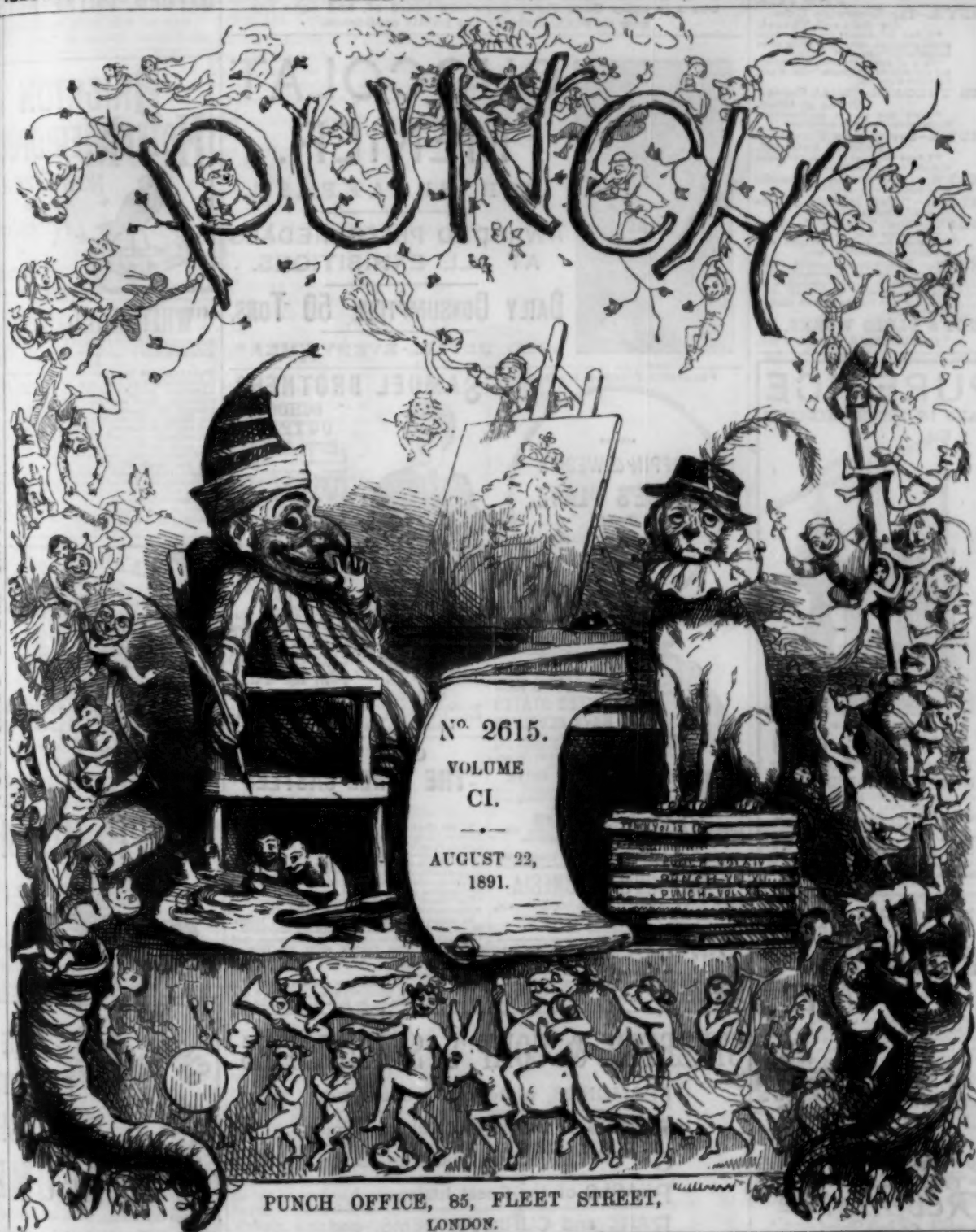
"Are bright, genial  
and wholesome, and  
excellent company  
for leisure hours."  
SPRAKER.

Quite  
at  
Home.

Very  
Much  
Abroad.

Rather  
at  
Sea.

Happy  
Thoughts  
AND 'More'



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
LONDON.

SODA, POTASS,  
LEMONADE,  
AND  
SPARKLING MALVERN  
WATERS.

*Schweppes*

THESE WATERS  
CONTINUE TO BE  
SUPPLIED  
TO  
Her Majesty the  
Queen.

## CONDY'S FLUID.

USED IN ALL HOSPITALS.

CONDY'S REMEDIAL FLUID.

CONDY'S.—A Household Word.

CONDY'S.—In Sore Throats.

CONDY'S.—The Sovereign Cure for Relaxed Throat.

"I had the Condy and cold water gargle excellent, many cases being cured immediately."—Dr. T. W. HARRIS.

"It is of great service as a disinfecting and stimulating gargle."—Dr. WARD, Seaman's Hospital.

SORE THROATS.—Slight Cases.

Cured at Once.

"Every case showed an immediate improvement."—Dr. HENDERSON.

CONDY'S.—Severe Sore Throat.

Quickly Relieved.

"I have employed it with invariable success."—Dr. DEAN.

CONDY'S.—Cleanses Wounds.

most rapidly."—Dr. FERN.

CONDY'S.—For Irritating Discharges.

"Medical Times."

CONDY'S.—The "Lancet" says:

"Altogether it is not wonderful that this fluid has been a favorite with scientific and unscientific men."

CONDY'S.—Everyone should read the reports by eminent medical authorities, affording useful information on numerous ailments, issued with every bottle, or sent free by post on application.

CONDY'S FLUID WORKS,

64, TURNMILL STREET, E.C.

## FIRST—AND—FOREMOST. BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR.

NOTE.—First produced and designated CORN FLOUR by BROWN & POLSON in 1866; not till some time afterwards was any other Corn Flour anywhere heard of, and none has now an equal claim to the public confidence.



## CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS  
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

## PURE ICE MADE IN THREE MINUTES



## "CHAMPION" HAND ICE-MAKING MACHINE.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS

Just added, by which the output is nearly doubled.

IS ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE.

Will Cool Wines and Water, make Ice Cream, and Block Ice, &c.

Sent for List of Prices.

From Sole Licensees,

THE FULCHER ENGINEERING CO., Ltd.,

NINE ELMS ROAD WORKS, LONDON, E.W.

Machines shown in operation at 62, Queen Victoria Street.

## TO SAVE THE TEETH, USE DAILY THOMPSON and CAPPER'S DENTIFRICE WATER

Purifies and Preserves the Teeth.

Imparts a Sweet Fragrance to the Breath.

Is Cooling and Refreshing to the Mouth.

And takes away smell of Tobacco.

N.B.—The success of this first liquid Dentifrice made in England has led to many imitations. It is necessary for purchasers to see T. & C.'s signature hand on each bottle.

Bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores, or sent, post free, from 55, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Foreign Medicines  
"Bottle Articles"  
Robertson & Co.  
Chemists, 8, de la Paix Paris  
Keep at their London House  
76, New Bond St. W.  
French Foreign  
Medicines &c

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."



"UNQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."



COLT'S LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.

For Large and Small Game, Duck shooting, and Target Practice, are unsurpassed for accuracy and unequalled for rapidity of fire.

COLT'S REVOLVERS

carried off all the highest Prizes at Holey, Edinburgh, and Dublin in 1888. Price List free.

COLT'S FIREARMS CO.

11, Glasshouse St., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.

Sold throughout the World.

TOO FAT. Dr. Gordon's

Elegant Pills

Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to Dr. Gordon, 10, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.

STREETER & COMP.'S SPECIALITIES.

DIAMONDS, white, and modern cut,

RUBIES of the pigeon's blood colour,

SAPPHIRES of the true blue colour,

PEARLS of the finest lustre,

RARE and CURIOUS GEMS, and

DIAMONDS of all colours.

STREETER & COMP., Gem Experts, Bond St., London.

## SAMUEL BROTHERS.

SCHOOL OUTFITS.

Messrs. S. & A. M. BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of

BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING. They will also be pleased to send, upon application, PATTERNS of MATERIALS for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies,

together with their new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing about 400 Engravings. This Catalogue details of the various departments, with Price Lists, &c.

ELIAS'S Chipping Norton Riding and Sailing Tweeds, Cheviots, Rossmore, &c. &c. A very large assortment of the productions of this eminent firm is always kept in stock.

"FROM" SURV. SAMUEL BROTHERS,

Merchant Tailors, Outfitters, &c. 65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C. Workshops: Pilgrim St., Ludgate Hill; and 64, Gray's Inn Road.

CAUTION.

"THE THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO.

In the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, in an action of W. D. & H. O. WILLS against MARCUS HURSTMAN and ELIAS HURSTMAN, of Aldington, Surrey, Tobaccoists, Mr. Justice North, on the 14th day of March, 1891, granted a perpetual injunction restraining the Defendants from offering for sale or selling Tobacco not of the manufacture or merchandise of W. D. & H. O. WILLS as and for "The Three Castles" Tobacco. The Defendants were also ordered to pay the costs of the action.

In consequence of frequent imitations of Messrs. W. D. & H. O. WILLS' "THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO, that firm give this public notice, that any person selling Tobacco under the title of "THE THREE CASTLES" except that manufactured by Messrs. W. D. & H. O. WILLS, will be proceeded against.

MCKENNA & CO.,

17 & 18, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

Solicitors for Messrs. W. D. & H. O. WILLS.

## SEAFOORD BAY, SEAFOORD.

THE "SEAFARER" HOTEL, adjoining the Seaford Dunes and overlooking the Bay. Bracing Air. Magnificent Views, Sea and Land. Sanitary arrangements perfect. The Hotel is OPEN to receive Visitors.

G. REEVES SMITH, Proprietor.

## OXFORD, MITRE HOTEL.

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

BRIGHTON HOTEL METROPOLE

NOW OPEN for the Reception of Visitors.

RESIDENTIAL FLATS, FACING TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND WHITEHALL PLACE.

These excellent Suites are fitted with every modern convenience, e.g. Hot and Cold Water, Electric Light and Bells, "Visitors" and Servants' Lifts in operation night and day, and occupy the best position in London, affording extensive views of the River (with the Surrey Hills in the distance) and the Embankment Gardens. They are also conveniently and centrally situated with respect to the principal Clubs, Theatres, &c. The rooms are all finished to suit the wishes of incoming tourists, and the Bents include all Bikes, Taxis, Van Supply, lighting and heating of the Carriage and Staircases, and the services of all the Porters. The Suites may be viewed at any time on application to the Superintendent, J. C. SUMMERS, at the Office on the premises; or to HANFORD & Co., Estate Agents, 1, Cockspur St. (late White Horse), S.W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

CELEBRATED BUTTER-SCOTCH Confectionery.

Really wholesale Confectionery.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUNDED KROPP RAZOR.

WARRANTED PERFECT.

Never Requires Sharpening.

Black Handle, 5s. 6d. From all Dealers.

Ivory Handle, 7s. 6d. From all Dealers.

Wholesale, OSBORN, GARNETT, & Co., London, E.

SWEET LAVENDER THE FAVORITE ENGLISH PERFUME

Always Refreshing, Sweet and Lasting.

PRICE 1/1, 2/6, 5/1, & 10/6 per Bottle.

To be had of all Perfumers, Chemists, &c.

WHOLESALE—R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BEAVERS STREET, W. & CITY ROAD, E.C.

LONDON.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

## No. III.

SCENE—On the Coach from Braine l'Alleud to Waterloo. The vehicle has a Belgian driver, but the conductor is a true-born Briton. Mr. CYRUS K. TROTTER and his daughter are behind with PODBURY. CULCHARD, who is not as yet sufficiently on speaking terms with his friend to ask for an introduction, is on the box-seat in front.

Mr. Trotter. How are you getting along, MAUD? Your seat pretty comfortable?

Miss Trotter. Well, I guess it would be about as luxurious if it hadn't got a chunk of wood nailed down the middle—it's not going to have anyone confusing it with a bed of roses just yet. (To PODB.) Your friend mad about anything? He don't seem to open his head more'n he's obliged to. I presume he don't approve of your taking up with me and Father—he keeps away from us considerable, I notice.

PODB. (awkwardly). Oh—er—I wouldn't say that, but he's a queer kind of chap rather, takes prejudices into his head and all that. I wouldn't trouble about him if I were you—not worth it, y' know.

Miss T. Thanks—but it isn't going to shorten my existence any.

[CULCH. overhears all this, with feelings that may be imagined.

Belgian Driver (to his horses). Pullep! Allez vite! Bom-bom-bom! Alright!

Conductor (to CULCHARD). 'E's very proud of 'is English, 'e is. 'Ere, JEWEL, ole feller, show the gen'l'm'n 'ow yer can do a swear. (Belgian Driver utters a string of English imprecations with the utmost fluency and good-nature.) 'Ark at 'im now! Bust my frogs! (Admiringly, and not without a sense of the appropriateness of the phrase.) But he's a caution, Sir, ain't he? I taught him most o' what he knows!

A French Passenger (to Conductor). Dis donc, mon ami, est-ce qu'on peut voir d'ici le champ de bataille?

Conductor (with proper pride). It ain't no use your torkin to me, Mossos; I don't speak no French myself. (To CULCHARD.) See that field there, Sir?

Culchard (interested). On the right? Yes, what happened there?

Cond. Fine lot o' rabbits inside o' there—big fat 'uns. (To another Passenger.) No, Sir, that ain't Belly Lions as you see from 'ere; that's Mon Sin Jeean, and over there Oogymong, and Chal-lroy to the left.

## ON THE TOP OF THE MOUND.

CULCHARD, who has purchased a map in the Waterloo Museum as a means of approaching Miss TROTTER, is pounced upon by an elderly Belgian Guide in a blue blouse, from whom he finds it difficult to escape.

The Guide (fixing CULCHARD with a pair of rheumy eyes and a gnarled forefinger). You see vere is dat schmall voodt near de vite 'ouse? not dere, along my shdeek—so. Dat is vare PEECTON vas kill, Inglis Officer, PEECTON. Two days before he vas voundet in de ahum.

'E say to his sairvan, "You dell ennippoddis, I keel you!" He vandt to ps in ze bataille; he cas in ze bataille—seven lance troo 'im, seven; PEECTON, Inglis Officer. (CULCHARD nods his head miserably.) Hah, you 'ave de shart dere—open 'im out vide, dat de odder shentilmans see. (CULCHARD obeys, spell-bound.) Vare you see dat blue gross, Vaterloo Shirsh, vere Loart UXBREEDGE lose 'is laig. Zey cot 'im off and purry him in ze cott-yardt, and a villow grow outd of 'im. 'E com 'ere to see the villow growing outd of his laig.

Culch. (abandoning his map, and edging towards Miss TROTTER). Hem—we are gazing upon one of the landmarks of our national history—Miss TROTTER.

Miss T. That's a verry interesting re-mark. I presume you must have studied up some for a reflection of that kind. Mr. PODBURY, your friend has been telling me—

[She repeats CULCHARD's remark.

PODB. (with interest). Got any more of those, old fellow?

[CULCHARD moves away with disgusted hauteur.

The Guide (re-capturing him). Along dat gross vay, VELLAINTON meet BLUSHAIR. Prussian general, BLUSHAIR, VELLAINTON 'e com hier. I see 'im. Ven 'e see ze maundt, 'e vos vair angr. 'E say, "Eet is no ze battle-fiel' no more—I com back nevere!" Zat aide is vere de Scots Greys vas. Ven they dell NAPOLEON 'oo zey are, 'e say. "Fine mens—splendid mens, I feenish dem in von hour!" SOULT 'e say, "Ah, Sire, you do not know dose dairible grey 'orses!" NAPOLEON 'e not know dem. SOULT 'e meet dem at de Peninsulaire—'e know dem. In dat Shirsh, dventy, dirty dablets to Inglis officers. NAPOLEON 'e coaled op 'is laift vink, zey deploy in line, vair you see my shdeek—ha, ze shentelman is gone away vonce more!

Miss Trotter (to CULCHARD, who has found himself unable to keep away). You don't seem to find that old gentleman verry good company?

Culch. The fact is that I much prefer to receive my impressions of a scene like this in solitude.

Miss T. I should have thought you'd be too polite to tell me so; but I was moving on, anyway.

[She goes on. Before CULCHARD can follow and explain, he finds himself accosted by Mr. TROTTER.

Mr. T. I don't know as I'm as much struck by this Waterloo field as I expected, Sir. As an Amurroan, I find it doesn't come up to some of our battlefields in the War. We don't blow about those battlefields, Sir, but for style and general picturesqueness, I ain't seen nothing this side to equal them. You ever been over? You want to come over and see our country—that's what you want to do. You mustn't mind me a-running on, but when I meet someone as I can converse with in my own language—well, I just about talk myself dry.

[He talks himself dry, until rejoined by the Guide with PODBURY and Miss TROTTER.

Guide (to PODBURY). Leesten, I dell you. My vader—eighteen, no in ze Airmi, laboreur man—he see NAPOLEON standt in a saircle; officers roundt 'im. Boots, op to hier; green cott; vite vaicott; vite laigs—

PODBURY. Your father's legs?

Guide. No, Sare; my vader see NAPOLEON's laigs; leedle 'at, quite plain; no faither—nossing.

PODBURY. But you just said you had a father!

Guide. I say, NAPOLEON 'ad no faither—vat you call it?—plume—in 'is 'at, at ze bataille.

PODBURY. Are you sure? I thought the history books said he "stuck a feather in his hat, and called it Macaroni."

Miss T. I presume you're thinking of our National Amurroan character, Yankee Doodle?

Guide. My vader, 'e no see NAPOLEON viz a Yankedoodle in 'is 'at; 'e veer nossing.

PODBURY. Nothing? What became of the green coat and white waistcoat, then, eh?

Guide. Ah, you unnerstan' nossing at all! Leesten, I dell you vonce more. My vader—

PODBURY. No, look here, my friend; you go and tell that gentleman all about it (indicating CULCHARD); he's very interested in hearing what NAPOLEON wore or didn't wear.

[The Guide takes possession of CULCHARD once more, who submits, under the impression that Miss TROTTER is a fellow-sufferer.

Guide (concluding a vivid account of the fight at Houguymont). Bot ven zey com quite nearer, zey vind ze rade line no ze Inglis soldiers—nossing bot a breek vall, viz ze moskets—'Prown Pesses, you coal dem—shdeekin out of ze 'oles! Ze 'oles schdill dere. Dat vas Houguymont, in the or-shairde. Now you com viz me and see zelon. Ze dail, two piece; ze bodi, von piece; ze ball, von piece. I sank you, Sare. 'Ope you com again soon.

[CULCHARD discovers that the TROTTERS and PODBURY have gone down some time ago. At the foot of the steps he finds his friend waiting for him, alone.

Culch. (with stiff politeness). Sorry you considered it necessary to stay behind on my account. I see your American friends have already started for the station.

PODBURY (gloomily). There were only two seats on that coach, and they wouldn't wait for the next. I don't know why, unless it was that they saw you coming down the steps. She can't stand you at any price.

Culch. (with some heat). Just as likely she had had enough of your buffoonery!

PODB. (with provoking good humour). Come, old chap, don't get your shirt out with me. Not my fault if she's found out you think yourself too big a swell for her, is it?

Culch. (hotly). When did I say so—or think so? It's what you've told her about me, and I must say I call it—

PODB. Don't talk bosh! Who said she was forward and bad form and all the rest of it in the courtyard that first evening? She was close by, and heard every word of it, I shouldn't wonder.

Culch. (colouring). It's not of vital importance if she did. (Whistling.) Few-fee-fee-foo-foodle-di-fee-di-fa-foo.

PODB. Not a bit—to her. Better step out if we mean to catch that train. (Humming.) La-di-loodle-lumpty-leedle-un-ti-loo!

[They step out, PODBURY humming pleasantly and CULCHARD whistling viciously, without further conversation, until they arrive at Braine l'Alleud Station—and discover that they have just missed their train.



"Leesten, I dell you vonce more."



THE TWO EMPERORS: OR, THE CHRISTIAN CZAR AND THE HEATHEN CHINEE.



## TWO EMPERORS;

*Or, the Christian Czar and The Heathen Chinese.*

[A decree issued by the Emperor of CHINA (in connection with the recent anti-foreign agitation in that country) points out that the relations between the Chinese and the foreign missionaries have been those of peace and goodwill, and that the Christians are protected by treaty and by Imperial edicts, and commands the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors to protect the Christians and put down the leaders in the riots.]

MANY writers remark,—  
And their language is plain,  
That for cruelty dark,  
And for jealousy vain,  
The Heathen Chinese is peculiar,—  
In future perhaps they'll refrain.

AN-SIN has his faults,  
Which one cannot deny;  
And some recent assaults  
On the mission-a-ry,  
Have been worthy of—say Christian Russia,  
When dealing with small Hebrew fry.

But the EMPEROR seems stirred  
Persecution to bar,  
Which it might be inferred  
That I mean the White CZAR;  
But I don't. On the Muscovite CESAR  
Such charity clearly would jar.

He's always the same,  
And he'll not stay his hand;  
The poor Jews are fair game  
In a great "Christian" Land;  
But the Lord of the Pencil Vermilion  
Rebukes his fanatical band.

A Heathen—of course!—  
(Whilst the CZAR is a Saint)  
But a sign of remorse  
At the Christian's complaint  
May be seen in the edict he's issued,  
Which might make a great Autocrat faint.

A Christian, 'tis true,  
To a Heathen Chinese  
Is as bad as a Jew  
Must undoubtedly be  
To an orthodox Christian of Russdom,  
Too "pious" for mere Char-i-tee.

So one Emperor stones  
His poor Israelites,  
Whilst the other one owns  
Even Christians have "rights,"  
And, although they're (of course) "foreign  
devils,"

Their peace with good-will he requites.  
Which is why, I maintain  
(And my language is free)  
That the CZAR, though he's vain  
Of his Or-tho-dox-y,  
Might learn from his Emperor cousin,  
Though he's only a Heathen Chinese!

NEWS OF "OUR HENRY" (communicated by Mr. J. L. T-LE).—To our interviewer the eminent actor replied, "Yes, suffering from bad sore throat, but may talk, as it's hoarse exercise which has been recommended. A stirrup-cup at parting? By all means. My cob is an excellent trotter, so I pledge you with a bumper well-in-hand. Good-day!" And so saying, he gaily waved his plumed hat, and rode away.

"RATHER A LARGE ORDER."—"The Order of the Elephant" conferred on President CARNOT by the King of Denmark. This should include an Order for the Grand Trunk, in which to carry it about. The proper person to receive this Order is evidently the Grand Duke of Tusk-any.



## CONFIDENCES OF A MATURE SIREN.

"I ADMIT I'M NOT AS HANDSOME AS I USED TO BE; BUT I'M TWICE AS DANGEROUS!"

## THE UNHYGIENIC HOUSEHOLDER.

*After reading the Reports of the Congress.*

TELL me not in many a column,  
I must pull up all my drains;  
Or with faces long and solemn,  
Threaten me with aches and pains.  
Let me end this wintry summer,  
'Mid the rain as best I may,  
Without calling in the plumber,  
For he always comes to stay.



Was unknown, men lived as long.

If the air with microbes thickens,  
Like some mirk malefic mist,  
Tell me prithere how the dickens  
We can manage to exist.  
From the poison breathed each minute,  
Man ere this had surely died;  
When we see the fell things in it,  
On the microscopic slide.

I'm aware we're oft caught napping,  
And the scientist can say,  
That our yawning drains want trapping.  
Lest the deadly typhoid stay.

I appreciate the  
Prince's  
Shrewd remarks  
about our lot;  
But the horror he  
evinces  
At our dangers,  
frights me not.  
Science in expostu-  
lation,  
Shows our rules  
of health are  
wrong;  
But in days when  
sanitation

Even with your house in order,  
If you go to take the air,  
So to speak, outside your border,  
Lo! the merry germs are there.

Doctors vow, in tones despotic,  
I must dig 'neath basement floors,  
Lest diseases called symotic  
Enter in at all my pores.  
PARKES, of sanitation master,  
Wanted "purity and light;"  
I'm content to risk disaster,  
With unhygienic night.

QUEER QUERIES.—HYMENAL.—I have been asked to attend the wedding of a friend, and respond to the toast of "The Ladies." I have never done such a thing before, and feel rather nervous about it. My friend says that I must "try and be very comic." I have thought of one humorous remark—about the "weaker sex" being really stronger—which I fancy will be effective, but I can't think of another. Would one good joke of that sort be sufficient? *A propos* of the lady marksman at Bisley, I should like to advise all ladies to "try the Butts," only I am afraid this might be taken for a reference to the President of the Divorce Division. How could I work the Jackson case in neatly? Would it be allowable to pin my speech on the wedding-cake, and read it off? Also, could I wear a mask? Any hints would be welcomed by—BEST MAN.

NOT QUITE POLITE.—The Manager of the Shaftesbury Theatre advertises "three distinct plays at 8'15, 9'15, and 10." Distinct, but not quite clear. Anyhow, isn't it rather a slur on other Theatres where it implies the plays, whether at 8'15, 9'15, or 10, are "indistinct."

## SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

*Prospect of Holiday—An Entrée—A Character in the Opening—Light and Leading—French Exercise—Proposition—Acceptation—Light Comedian—Exit—Jeu di alors—The Start.*

## CHAPTER I.

I AM sitting, 'fatigued, in my study. I have not taken a holiday this year, or last, for the matter of that. Others have; I haven't. Work! work! work!—and I am wishing that my goose-quills were wings ("so appropriate!" whisper my good-natured friends behind their hands to one another), so that I might fly away and be at rest. To this they (the goose-quills, not the friends) have often assisted me ere now. Suddenly, as I sit "a-thinking, a-thinking," my door is opened, and, without any announcement, there stands before me a slight figure, of middle height, in middle age, nothing remarkable about his dress, nothing remarkable about his greyish hair and close-cut beard, but something very remarkable about his eyes, which sparkle with intelligence and energy; and something still more remarkable about the action of his arms, hands, and thin, wiry fingers, which suggests the idea of his being an animated semaphore worked by a galvanic battery, telegraphing signals against time at the rate of a hundred words a minute, the substantives being occasionally expressed, but mostly "understood,"—pronouns and prepositions being omitted wholesale.

"What! DAUBINET!" I exclaim, he being the last person I had expected to see, having, indeed, a letter on my desk from him, dated yesterday and delivered this morning, to say that he was then, at the moment of writing, and practically therefore for the next forty-eight hours—at least, so it would be with any ordinary individual—in Edinburgh. But DAUBINET is not an ordinary individual, and the ordinary laws of motion to and from any given point do not apply to him. He is a Flying Frenchman—here, there, and everywhere; especially everywhere. So mercurial, that he will be in



"He is a Flying Frenchman."

advance of Mercury himself, and having written a letter in the morning to say he is coming, it is not unlikely that he will travel by the next train, arrive before the letter, and then wonder that you weren't prepared to receive him. Such, in a brief sketch, is *mon ami* DAUBINET.

"Aha! *me voici!*" he cries, shaking my hand warmly. Then he sings, waving his hat in his left hand, and still grasping my right with his, "*Voici le sabre de mon père!*" which reminiscence of OFFENBACH has no particular relevancy to anything at the present moment, but it evidently lets off some of his superfluous steam. He continues, always with my hand in his, "*J'arrive! inattendu! Mais, mon cher,*"—here he turns off the French stop of his polyglot organ, and, as it were, turns on the English stop,—continuing his address to me in very distinctly-pronounced English, "*I wrote to you to say I would be here,*" then pressing the French stop, he concludes with, "*ce matin, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Parfaitement, *mon cher,*" I reply, giving myself a chance of airing a little French, being on perfectly safe ground, as he thoroughly understands English; indeed, he understands several languages, and, if I flounder out of my depth in foreign waters, one stroke will bring me safe on to the British rock of intelligibility again; or, if I obstinately persist in floundering, and am searching for the word as for a plank, he will jump in and rescue me. Under

these circumstances, I am perfectly safe in talking French to him—"Mais je ne vous attendais ce matin"—I've got an idea that this is something uncommonly grammatical—"à cause de votre lettre que je viens de recevoir"—this, I'll swear, is idiomatic—"ce matin. La voilà!" I pride myself on "*La,*" as representing my knowledge that "*lettre,*" to which it refers, is feminine.

"Caramba!" he exclaims—an exclamation which, I have every reason to suppose, from want of more definite information, is Spanish. "*Caramba!*" that letter is from Edinburgh; *j'ai visité* Glasgow, the *Nord et partout, et je suis de retour*. I am going on

business to Reims, *pour revenir par Paris*,—si vous voudrez me donner le plaisir de votre compagnie—de *Jeu di prochain à Mardi*—vous serez mon invité, — et je serai charmé, très charmé.

Being already carried away in imagination to Reims, and returning by Paris, I am at once inclined to reply,

"Enchanté!" with the greatest pleasure.

"Hoch! Hoch! Hurra!" he cries, by way of response, waving his hat. Then he sings loudly, "And—bless the Prince of WALES!" After

which, being rather proud of his mastery of Cockneyisms, he changes the accent, still singing, "Bless the Prince of WAILES!" which he considers his *chef d'œuvre* as an imitation of a genuine Cockney tone, to which it bears exactly such resemblance as does a scene of ordinary London life drawn by a French artist. Then he says, seriously—"Eh bien! allons! C'est fixé—it is fixed. We meet Victoria, et alors, par London, Chatham & Dover, from Reims via Calais, très bien, —train d'once heures précises,—bien entendu. J'y suis. Ihr Diener! Adios! A reverderia! Addio, amico caro!" Then he utters something which is between a sneeze and a growl, supposed to be a term of endearment in the Russian tongue. Finally he says in English, "Good-bye!"

His hat is on in a jiffy (which I take to be the hundredth part of a second) and he is down the stairs into the hall, and out at the door "like a flying light comedian" with an airy "go" about him, which recalls to my mind the running exits of CHARLES WYNDHAM in one of his lightest comedy-parts. "*Au revoir! Pour Jeu di alors!*" I hear him call this out in the hall, the door bangs as if a firework had exploded and blown my vivacious friend up into the air, and he has gone.

"*Jeu di alors*" arrives, and I am at Victoria for the eleven o'clock Express to the minute, having decided that this is the best, shortest, and cheapest holiday I can take. I've never yet travelled with my excellent French friend DAUBINET. I am to be his guest; all responsibility is taken off my shoulders except that of my ticket and luggage, and to travel without responsibility is in itself a novelty. To have to think of nothing and nobody, not even of oneself! Away! away!

POLITESSE.—The following version of our great popular Naval Anthem will be issued, it is hoped, from Whitehall (the French being supplied by the Lords of the Admiralty in conjunction) to all the musical Naval Captains in command at Portsmouth. The graceful nature of the intended compliment cannot escape the thickest-headed land-lubber:—

Dirige, Madame la France,  
Madame la France dirigera les vagues!  
Messieurs les Français ne seront jamais, jamais,  
Esclaves!

The effect of the above, when the metre is carefully fitted to the tune (which is a work of time), and sung by a choir (with accent) of a thousand British Blue-jackets, will doubtless be quite electrical.

NOTE BY A TRAVELLING FELLOW FIRST CLASSIC.—There's no passage in any Classical author, Latin or Greek, so difficult as is the passage between Dover and Calais on a rough day, and yet, strange to say, the translation is comparatively easy.

A PICTURE ON THE LINE.—Sketch taken at the Equator.





## QUITE A LITTLE NOVELTY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—As Englishmen are so often accused of want of originality, I hope you will let me call your attention to an occasion when it was conclusively proved that at least two of the British race were free from the reproach. The date to which I refer

was the 1st of August last, when "a new and original drama," entitled *The Trumpet Call*, was produced at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, and the two exceptions to the general rule then proclaimed were Messrs. GEORGE R. SIMS and ROBERT BUCHANAN, its authors.

The plot of this truly new and

original piece is simple in the extreme. *Cuthbertson*, a young gentleman, has married his wife in the belief that his Wife No. 1 (of whom he has lost sight), is dead. Having thus ceased to be a widower, *Cuthbertson* is confronted by Wife No. 1 and deserts Wife No. 2. Assured by the villain of the piece that she is not really married to *Cuthbertson*, Wife No. 2 prepares to marry her informant. The nuptials are about to be celebrated in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, when enter Wife No. 1 who explains that she was a married woman when she met *Cuthbertson*, and therefore, a fair, or rather unfair, bigamist. Upon this *Cuthbertson* (who is conveniently near in a pew, wearing the unpresentable uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery), rushes into the arms of the lady who has erroneously been numbered Wife No. 2, when she has been in reality Wife No. 1, and all is joy. Now I need scarcely point out to you that nothing like this has ever been seen on the stage before. It is a marvel to me how Messrs. SIMS and BUCHANAN came to think of such clever things.

But if it had been only the plot that was original, I should not have been so anxious to direct attention to *The Trumpet Call*. But

*Call* he joins the Royal Horse Artillery. Then, again, unlike the scene in the New Cut in *The Lights o' London*, there is a view by night of the exterior of the Mogul Music Hall. Further, there is a "Doss House" scene, that did not for a moment (or certainly not for more than a moment) recall to my mind that gathering of the poor in the dark arches of a London bridge, in one of BOUCICAULT'S pieces. By the way, was that play, *After Dark*, or was it *The Streets of London*? I really forget which. Then, all the characters in the new play are absolutely new and original. The hero who will bear everything for his alleged wife's sake, and weeps over his child, is quite new. So is the heroine who takes up her residence with poor but amusing showmen, instead of wealthy relatives. That is also quite new, and there was nothing like it in *The Lights o' London*. The villain, too, who will do and dare anything (in reason) to wed the lady who has secured his affections, is also a novelty. So is a character played by Miss CLARA JACKS as only Miss CLARA JACKS can and does play it. And there are many more equally bright and fresh, and, in a word, original.

So, my dear Mr. Punch, hasten to the Royal Adelphi Theatre, if you wish to see something that will either wake you up or send you to sleep. Go, my dear Mr. Punch, and sit out *The Trumpet Call*, and when you have seen it, you will understand why I sign myself,

Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO HAS SEEN NOTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.

## "FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

From Admiral Gervais to My Lor' Maire.

MUCH we regret, Lor' Maire, mon cher,  
Your banquet to refuse;  
But if you fear not *mal de mer*,  
Pack up your *malle de mer*, mon cher,  
And join us in a cruise.

From My Lor' Maire to Admiral Gervais.

Mon cher GERVAIS,  
Can't say "Je vais,"  
Except "Je vais  
L'autre côté."  
GERVAIS, tu vas,—  
Moi—je ne vais pas.



## LE ROI (EN GARÇON) EN VOYAGE, S'AMUSE;

Or, what his Juvenile Majesty packed in his "Gladstone," and set down in his Notes, &c.

Ollendorff—Servian—in French, German, Russian, and any other Eastern tongues, as yet published.

Twelve dozen Boxes of Tin Soldiers.

Ditto, ditto, Bricks to Match.

Complete Letter Writer (with addenda), specially added by his "Papa," as models to be followed more or less closely when addressing his mother on matters of a homely and domestic character.

The Boy-King's Guide to the proper and decent method of presiding at a Cabinet Council, showing how the same may be conducted conjointly with the introduction of Ninepins, or some other equally interesting, intellectual, and manly game.

List of the best Sweet-stuff Shops.

Ditto, ditto 'of what's going on, and most worth looking up in places we visit.

Hand-Book to *Leger de Main*, with special reference to Practical Joking at State Functions, and other High Jinks!

Shilling Hand-Book to *Home Made Fireworks*, with Permanent Order signed by War Minister for supply of necessary materials.

## Hyjinks and Hygiene.

HYGIENE and Demography! Never before

With such wonderful names has a Conference met,

With statistics by thousands and papers galore

As to what Demos wants, as to what he's to get.

It's not always perfectly clear what they mean,

Yet, perhaps an outsider is right when he thinks

Though no doubt they would die for beloved Hygiene,

As a matter of fact they indulge in High Jinks.



Professor Ginnifer exhibiting Sims' and Buchanan's Monstrosities.



An Altared Scene.

the incidents and characters are equally novel. For instance, unlike *The Lights o' London*, there is a caravan and a showman. Next, unlike *In the Ranks*, there are scenes of barrack-life that are full of freshness and originality. In *Harbour Lights*, if my memory does not play me false, the hero enlisted in the Guards, in *The Trumpet*

NEW WORK BY SIR AUGUSTUS DRURYLOANUS—to be included in the "Opera Omnia," by the same Author writing under a *nom de plume*, entitled, "*Legs Taghionis*;" or, *Little Steps for Babes in the Ballet*. By a *Pa' de Quatre*." Also "*Classes and Lasses*," same series.



## A PIOUS FRAUD!

'HELLO, MONTY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR BUTTON-HOLE! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE JOINED THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY!'—"YES; FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY. GOING TO DINE WITH JAKES. DON'T WANT TO HURT POOR OLD JAKES'S FEELINGS—DON'T WANT TO BE POISONED BY HIS BEASTLY WINE. SEE!"

## NEPTUNE'S "AT HOME;" OR, NEIGHBOURS UNITED.

THE French are all coming, for so they declare,  
Of their fleet and their tars all the papers advise us;  
They're to come o'er the sea and to Portsmouth repair,  
Their squadrons at Spithead will please, not surprise us.  
Their fleet is to come for a right friendly spree;  
To promise them "skylarks" is hardly presumption.  
They're welcome to NEPTUNE's old "Halls by the Sea."  
Of powder and grog there'll be mighty consumption,  
In toasts and salutes, for they're friends and invited:

JOHN and JOHNNY clasp paws,  
And drink deep to the Cause

Of NEPTUNE's two guests and brave Neighbours United!

The scribes and the specials report wondrous things,  
Of the grand preparations, the routs and the rackets.  
Gone the old days of huge wooden walls and white wings,  
We now meet without mutual dusting of jackets.  
Well so much the better! Our seas let them try,  
Their squadrons are welcome to float 'em and swim 'em.  
Like good *Cap'n Cuttle* we'll smile and "stand by,"  
Friendly bumpers we'll empty as fast as they brim 'em.  
To welcome his guests Father NEPTUNE's delighted,

He'll clasp both their paws,  
And drink deep to the Cause

Of Sailors as shipmates and Neighbours United!

Old NEP is "At Home" to the Sailors of France,  
Old foes turn new friends as their reason grows riper;  
"All hands for Skylarking!" A measure we'll dance,  
With friendship for fiddler and pleasure for piper.  
'Tis a good many years since they sought our white shore;  
Once more at hands'-grip we are glad to have got 'em.  
As to Jingo or Chauvinists,—out on the borer!  
Such Jonahs should promptly be plumped to the bottom;  
Poor swabs! For this party they are not invited;

Shall they come athwart hawse  
As we drink to the Cause

Of Shipmates for ever and Neighbours United?

Yes, we know that humanity fondly may scheme  
For Peace, of all ills the supposed panacea:  
We know that Utopia's only a dream,  
Unbroken good fellowship but an idea.  
Old NEP knows his great Naval Show is now on,  
And ARMSTRONG and WHITWORTH's huge works he's aware

on;  
He sees what our shipwrights and gunsmiths have done  
To send foes o'er the Styx in the barque of old Charon.  
At sight of War's murderous monsters half frightened,

E'en valour may pause,  
And drink deep to the Cause,

Of Good-will among Nations and Neighbours United!

But, gushing apart, 'tis a sight for sad eyes  
To see ancient rivals on joint messmate duty,  
A French ship in our waters and not as a prize  
Might once have perturbed British Valour and Beauty.  
But now Father NEPTUNE, "At Home," calmly grips  
His trident, and smiles with most friendly benignity.  
We welcome French Sailors, and shout for French ships,  
Without an abatement of patriot dignity.  
To see any friend of JOHN BULL NEP's delighted.

He holds out his paws,  
And will drink to the Cause

Of Peace on the Ocean and Neighbours United!

Then shout, Britons, shout, while the neighbouring crews  
Hob-nob, as the symbol of neighbouring nations;  
Whilst NEPTUNE at Home welcomes brave Brother Blues,  
And serves out the stingo to each in fair rations.  
Your spirits, ye sturdy old seadogs, might smile  
On a friendship which to your true hearts is no treason.  
The Sea-God makes free of his favourite Isle  
The French lads he once would have shied, and with reason.  
Now to greet brave GERVAS and his tars he's delighted.

Midst general applause  
Let us drink to the Cause.

Hooray for NEP's Visitors, Neighbours United!

JOHN BULL (begs), "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY MESSMATE, MR. NEPTUNE."  
NEPTUNE, "ALWAYS GLAD TO WELCOME ANY FRIEND OF YOURS, JOHN!"



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 22, 1891.



NEPTUNE'S "AT HOME;" OR, NEIGHBOURS UNITED.

JOHN BELL (begs), "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY MESSENGER, MR. NEPTUNE."  
NEPTUNE, "ALWAYS GLAD TO WELCOME ANY FRIEND OF YOURS, JOHN!"



AUG

woman  
shall at  
the new

For  
For

O W  
hour  
The m  
M.P.  
When  
come  
E'en M  
thy  
Believe  
they  
On the  
ticon  
'Tis al  
tence  
Some o  
Some o  
And sh  
Take u  
Which  
But he  
Chuck  
Who h  
The H  
They d  
The pr  
Wire-r  
Hope,  
bec  
He—C  
But, in  
Of cour  
But—r  
Your o  
Did not  
Of frau  
And sh  
Only th  
Have y  
How w  
To back  
The "  
And—s  
Your C  
He doe  
As colle  
Well, h  
But the  
Persuad  
Did you  
And no  
To rais  
Well, t  
He "w  
Keep  
Tell you  
M.P.'s  
Are—n  
And—p  
Take th  
From p

THE  
ness.



## TO THE SHELVED SEX.

(By One who keeps his Ears open.)

["Believing firmly in the absolute justice of woman's claim to the 'Parliamentary' franchise, I shall at all times support that claim."—Mr. Logan, the new M.P. for the Harborough Division.]



O WOMAN, in our hours of ease, The mockery of false M.P.'s! When an Election comes in sight, Even Ministers admit thy "right." Believe them not; they do not dote On the Political Pet-ticoat. 'Tis all a politic pretence. Some of them are upon the fence; Some of them have "political" wives, And shirking stings in their home-hives, Take up "the Cause" with a sham zeal, Which not five in five thousand feel. But hear them over a Club-dinner Chuckling about the "pretty sinner" Who hankers for that finer Club, The House o' Commons! There's the rub! They do not want you there, my dears; The prospect of your "franchise" queers Wire-pullers' plans, and party reckoning—Hope, in male guise, stands blandly beckoning. He—Codlin—is the friend, not Short, But, in his heart he's making sport. Of course 'tis wickedest of shames, But—recollect Sir HENRY JAMES, Your open enemy avowed, Did not the House o' Commons crowd Of frauds and shams play up to him, And shelve "the Female Franchise" whim Only the other day? Sheer diddle! Have you not nous to read the riddle? How wondrous prompt was W. G. To back up SMITH! With what sly glee The "Woman's Rightists" did subside. And—sub silentio—let you slide! (human. Your Grand Old Man, dears,—well, he's He doesn't want some Grand Old Woman As colleague or as rival. WOODALL? Well, he is gentle, genial, good all; But there's a twinkle in his eye Persuades me that he would not die Did you consent to drop your "claim." And now there comes another name To raise for Shes the party slogan. Well, trust, dears—if you like—to LOGAN; He "will support you at all times!" [rhymes Keep your eye on him! SHAKESPEARE'S Tell you "Men were deceivers ever." M.P.'s wise, foolish, crass, and clever, Are—nominally—on your side, And—privately—your cause deride. Take the straight tip, my dears—I glean it From private talk—they don't half mean it!

THE VOLUNTEERS' FOOTHOLD.—Shoebury-dens.

## James Russell Lowell.

BORN, FEB. 22, 1819. DIED, AUG. 12, 1891.

"We could not have been prouder of him had he been one of us."—Times.

BARD of two worlds, and friend of both,  
As ripe in years as culture, verily  
To miss that voice two worlds are loth,  
In which much wisdom spake so merrily.  
A voice, and no mere echo, thine,  
Of many tones, but manly ever.  
Thy rustic *Biglow's* rugged line  
A grateful world neglecteth never!  
It smote hypocrisy and cant [ripple  
With flail-like force; sleek bards that  
Like shallow pools—who pose and pant,  
And vaguely smudge or softly stipple,—  
These have not brain or heart to sing  
As *Biglow* sang, our quaint *Hosea*,  
Whose "Sunthin in the Pastoral line,"  
Full primed with picture and idea,  
Lives, with "The Courtin'," unforget,  
And worth whole volumes of sham-Shen-stone.

Yes, you could catch, as prigs may not,  
Pure women's speech and valiant men's  
*Zekle* and *Huldy* in our hearts [tone.  
Have found a place. But a true Poet,  
Like SHAKESPEARE'S Man, plays many parts.  
You chid us sharply, well we know it,  
For you'd the gift of Satire strong,  
And knew just how to lay the lash on.  
You smote what you thought British wrong,  
Well, that won't put us in a passion.  
"I ken write long-tailed if I please,"  
You said. And truly, polished writer,  
More like "a gentleman at ease,"  
Never touched quill than this shrewd smiter.

Your "moral breath of temperance"  
Found scope in scholarly urbanity;  
And wheresoever LOWELL went  
Sounded the voice of Sense and Sanity.  
We loved you, and we loved your wit.  
Thinking of you, uncramped, uncranked;  
Our hearts, ere we're aware of it,  
"Run helter-skelter into Yankee."  
"For puttin' in a downright lick  
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, there's few to  
metch it."

Faith, how you used it; ever quick  
Where'er Truth dwelt, to dive and fetch it.  
Vernacular or cultured verse,  
The scholar's speech, the ploughman's  
patter  
You'd use, but still in each were terse,  
As clear in point as full in matter.  
You'd not disdain "the trivial flute,"  
The rustic Pan-pipe you would finger,  
Yet could you touch "Apollo's lute"  
To tones on which Love's ear would linger.  
Farewell, farewell! Two countries loved,  
Two countries mourn you. None will  
quarrel  
With English hands, which, unreprieved,  
Lay on your bier an English Laurel!

AN OLD SCHOOL BUOY.—Under the heading of "Church and Schools," the *St. James's Gazette* gave an interesting illustration of "public spirit in schools." It recounted how "An Old Bedford Boy"—no relation to ROBERT, the Waiter, we believe—in the course of returning thanks, said, "I have bathed in all the great rivers of the world." Then he added, "the water of the sluggish Ouse is the sweetest of them all." Oddly enough his name was "ZINCKE," though evidently he must be a first-rate "Zwimmer." With genuine love for his old school, he might have added that he wished he was a Buoy again. But he seems to have got on swimmingly everywhere.

## "HELPS" AND WHELPS.

THE following advertisement appeared some little time since in the columns of a daily contemporary:—

TIO those who have not time to give their dogs sufficient exercise in London.—A Lady, experienced, would EXERCISE DOGS in the Park. Terms, one hour daily, 5s. a week; two hours, 7s. 6d.—Address, &c.

LISTEN to this, Rover, my hound!

This passes expectation!  
A "Lady Guide," who'll trot you round  
For scant remuneration!

When pain and anguish wring my brow  
Because I'm doomed to hark  
To your "Why-not-go-out?" bow-wow,  
She'll take you to the Park!

Cometh this ministering sprite,  
Smiling upon us meekly,  
And says, "I'll make your burden light  
For seven-and-sixpence weekly."

They talk of "woman's sphere," when sole,  
Her hemisphere, when mated;  
But surely here she's reached the goal  
For which she was created!



She'll chaperon you down the Row,  
With silken cord she'll lead  
Your footsteps where the flowerets blow,—  
A "lucky dog," indeed!

She'll win your love by bits of cake,  
She'll let you bark, or growl,  
And fight with other dogs, and make  
War on the water-fowl.

Yet is it right your wayward tramp  
Her maiden steps should hamper?  
No one who knows you for a scamp  
Would take you for a scamper!

And oh!—a thought most base and black,  
That puts me in a fluster—  
My Rover, would she bring you back?  
No, no, I will not trust her!

The offer tempts—(again that bark!)—  
But no—'tis weak to falter;  
The chain that leads you to the Park  
May lead me to the Altar!

FROM A VERY OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.  
—"At Craig-y-nos we've been keeping up quite Craig-y-noces. High jinks up here. Craig-y-nos means the 'Rock of the Night,' but, mind you, no rock has been required by any of us when we did go to bed, even though we had real Welsh rabbits for supper. Madame PATTI, who takes the Patti-cake here, is far too wiry ever to be a Patti de foie gras. Delicious air here, as any air must be in which PATTI has a voice.—Yours truly,  
"THE APPIEST OF THE AP JONESES."





## THE DEMOGRAPHIC VADE MECUM.

Question. You properly attended the Congress last week?

Answer. Certainly, by wearing a small brooch pinned on the flap of my coat.

Q. What effect had this on the cabmen?

A. To cause them to charge me just double the customary fares.

Q. Did you go to the Inaugural Meeting?

A. Of course, but as it was so crowded, I could get no further than the door.

Q. Did you hear the speech of the Prince of WALES?

A. Unfortunately not; but I had the advantage of seeing the top of his Royal Highness's head.

Q. Did you go to the *Soirée* in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the Hall of the Royal College of Surgeons?

A. I did, and was much amused at finding myself drinking claret cup in the museum devoted to skeletons.

Q. Did you go to the reception at Guildhall?

A. Certainly, and was greatly gratified at the amusements supplied to the Lord Mayor's guests.

Q. What were those amusements?

A. So far as I could see, the Band of the Grenadier Guards, conducted by Lieut. DAN GODFREY in undress uniform, playing before Sir JOSEPH SAVORY, Bart.; and some charters under a glass case.



TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

An Optical Illusion in a Lady's Orchestra.

Q. Was that all?

A. Well, I heard some harps, and then of course there were the Lord Mayor's trumpeters.

Q. Did you get your hat and coat in comfort?

A. In great comfort—after I had fought like a wild beast with other wild beasts for an hour and a half to get up to the place of distribution.

Q. Was this part of the programme badly managed?

A. It was not managed at all. The City Authorities had not even had the sense to put the numbers available at each counter *en évidence*.

Q. Did you derive any linguistic learning from this struggle?

A. Certainly. I heard bad language in sixteen different tongues.

Q. And what (as a connoisseur) did you think of the oaths?

A. That none were comparable to that English expletive which is equally suggestive of a barrier in a river, the mother of a lamb, and the observations of an angry man.

Q. Did you go anywhere else?

A. The entertainments I attended were so numerous that it is impossible to remember a tithe of them.

Q. And what did you do about Science?

A. Left it for discussion until the meeting of the Congress to be held next year!

## ROBERT'S AMERICAN FRIENDS.

Mr Amerryeane Frend has cum back again to the "Grand Hotel." He has bin with us nearly a month, and says he finds it, as before, the werry best Hotel anywhere for a jowial Bacheldore. I thinks as he's about the coolest card as I ever seed, tho as good natured as a reel Lady, and I don't think as that's at all a bad karakter.

When he heard as the Germun EMPERER was a cummin to Guildhall, he achally asked me to interdooce him to the Lord MARE, as he wanted a few tickets for himself and frends! And when I told him as that couldn't be maniged, he asked where he could buy a few, as he supposed as money could buy anything, and praps he wasn't so werry rong arter all. He had two or three Amerryeane frends to dinner the other day, and didn't they jest tork away. One of 'em asked me if I didn't think as it was shamefoolly xtravagant to give the Lord MARE of our little City jest the same salary for governing his one little square mile, as they in Amerrykey gave their

Presedent for governing their hole country, altho it was about thirty times larger than ours. To which I boldly replied most suttently not, becoz I had herd as there was lots of Presedents in the World, but only one Lord MARE of London, to which my frend shouted out, "Bravo, ROBERT, that's one to you!"

Amost all their tork was about what they calls their "World's Show," as is to be held at Chickargo, I thinks they called it, the year after next, and what they have naterally come here for, is to arrange for the Lord MARE and his too Sherryffs, with their State Carriages, and state Footmen, and state Robes, to go over and show 'em how to open it! And the funniest one of the lot achally said as I must go with 'em, for the World's Show woud not be a perfect show without they had in it the most horiginal specimen of a reel London Hed Waiter to show to their 50 million peep! And I'm to have the werry biggest tip as ever a Hed Waiter had. And I'm quite sure as they meant it all, for they larfed all the while as they torked about it.

This same one had a Ticket for Guildhall the hother heavingen, when about four thousand guests was there, and jolly fun he says it was, for they all seemed to begin a drinking of werry good Champagne about Nine a Clock, and kep on at it for above three hours, for there wasn't not nothink else for 'em to do, and so they did that, and did it well.

He asked me if I could remember what outlandish names the principal guests was all called, and when I told him I thort they was HIG-GEN and DEMMY-GROGGY, they all roared again, and shouted out, "that's another to you ROBERT; go ahead, my tulip!" Tho what they meant I'm sure I don't kno.

Our gentlemanly Manager looked in to see how they was a getting on, and when they told him what they called my last joke, even he larfed away like the best on 'em. The fust time I gets a chance I'll ask him to explain it all to me.

What seemed to have struck the Amerryeane most, was what he described as the twelve most bewtifool Angels, all most bewtifoolly drest, in most bewtifool close, a playing most bewtifool toons on most bewtifool Arps! which he said reminded him more of Heaven than anything he had ever seen or heard. He asked me the name of the bewtifool hair as they played three times, and when I told him as I believed as it was a Welsh wun, and was called "The March of the Men of Garlick," he wonderd how men with such bad taste could have written such sweet music.

They can tell jolly good staggerers they can! Why one on 'em said as how we was a getting so scrowged up in the old Country, that they thort of giving us jest a little allice of theirs, and as theirs was about thirty times as big as ours, they could easily spare it.

But this I must and will say, they are perfect Gennelmen, and, as the best possibel proof of it, they is allers werry libbral to me.

ROBERT.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INTERESTING romance is MARION CRAWFORD's *Witch of Prague*: the witch novel might easily have been told in one volume instead of three. Skipping is good exercise.

The casual reader, and the travelling reader or journey-alist, won't get much better entertainment for his money than he will find in *Stories of Old and New Spain*, by THOMAS A. JANVIER. No April foolin' around on the part of JANVIER with metaphysical digressions, but all straight to the point. For sensation, try *Saint Mary of the Angels*. Adelphi melodrama isn't in it with this story. Also in *San Antonio* there is a simple, quiet humour; and *The Legend of Padre José* is singularly touching. (Signed)



Sensational.

Altogether a book this of BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"HOW'S THAT FOR HY"-GIENIC?—In spite of the London Season being over, the Hygienic Congress had what ARRY would call a "high old time" of it in London last week. In anticipation of their next merry meeting, a distinguished member of the Association is already busily engaged in preparing a paper on "The Real and Apparent Connection between 'Hygiene' and 'High Jinks.'"

## UNDER THE SCREW.

(By a Liberal M.P.)

OH, where shall I go, and what shall I do?  
Turn which way I will, I am under the screw.  
Every Voter must feel a tight clutch on the throat  
Of my conscience—poor thing!—ere he'll promise his vote.  
PAT late was my patron,—'twas only his fun!  
Now he's "three single gentlemen" not rolled in one.



There's PARNELL, MACARTHY, and SAUNDERSON! Phew!  
If I partly please one, I make foemen of two.  
Hang Ireland! And Scotland is getting as bad.  
The S. H. R. A. will insist on their fad; "squeeze."  
And their plan, too, is "pressure!" It's just nought but  
And the poor M.P.'s life is one long "Little-Ease."  
TAFFY too takes his turn at the merciless rack,  
And there isn't a faddist, fanatic, or quack  
But has his own Screw, which he wants to apply.  
The Temperance Man "Direct Veto" would try,  
And if I'm not found to accept it with glee,  
He's vicious, and puts direct veto on me.  
Ungenerous hot Anti-Jennerites claim  
My vote against vaccine, or howl at my name;  
The Working-Man wants his Eight Hours, or, by Jingo,  
He'll give me—at polling—particular stingo.  
The Socialist wants me to do with the Land  
A—well, a dashed something I can't understand;  
The Financial Reformer, 'tis little he "axes,"  
He only requires me to take off all taxes!  
And now, with the General Election in view,  
I'm dashed if a poor M.P. knows what to do.  
How to live on the rack is a regular poser.  
By Jove, I'm half tempted to turn a—Primrose!  
The soft "Primrose Path" may conduct to the fire,  
But 'tis easy at least, and of Screwing I tire!

## TOO FREE TO BE EASY.

SCENE—Exterior of a Board School. Enter R. and L.  
well-meaning Philanthropist and long-headed Artisan.  
They greet one another with differing degrees of  
cordiality.

Philanthropist (heartily). Ah, my good friend, and how  
are you taking advantage of this great boon—the enormous  
privilege of free education?

Artisan (doggedly). By not sending my lad to school.

Phil. (with pained astonishment). You surprise me.

Art. I don't see why I should. I'm only following  
SAWYER's lead. It's what they did in Scotland. They  
gave them free education, and that's the way to read it,  
and a good way too!

Phil. Well, at least you ought to be grateful.

Art. Grateful! Grateful for what?

Phil. Why, for free education—for education, you  
know, that costs you nought.

Art. Oh, it costs nought, does it? Then thank you for  
nothing!

[Exit—*in very different directions!*]

## MUSIC FOR THE PARLIAMENTARY MILLION.

MR. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., has announced that during the Recess he  
will deliver political addresses interspersed with songs and music. To assist him  
we have prepared a specimen "utterance," which, for the sake of convenience,  
we have thrown into a dramatic form.

Enter MR. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., with an assortment of musical instruments  
which he places on a table in front of him. Immense applause, during which  
the Hon. Gentleman picks up a Cornet and plays a solo. Enthusiasm.

Mr. Farmer-Atkinson (bowing after recovering from his exertions). Ladies  
and Gentlemen. (Hear, hear!) Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for your  
cordial reception. (Applause.) And you must know, Ladies and Gentlemen, that  
although I have given you a solo on the cornet, I did not visit this flourishing  
town (cheers), this highly civilised town (renewed applause), this model town  
(heartily cheering), with the intention of blowing my own trumpet. (He pauses—  
silence.) Don't you understand? I did not want to blow my own trumpet—  
joke, see? (A laugh.) Thank you! And now about the Irish Question. Well  
everybody harps upon it. So will I. "Come back to Erin." (Plays and  
sings the touching melody—a harp accompaniment—applause.) Thank you!  
And now about the Triple Alliance. Well, I think I can illustrate that, both  
musically and politically. Triple means three. Well, I will take this drum on  
my back, beating it with the sticks that are bound to my shoulders; then I  
will apply my mouth to this set of pipes, while I beat a triangle with my hands.  
There! (Plays the musical instruments simultaneously—applause.) Thank  
you! You see I get some sort of music. A little unattractive possibly ("No!  
no!"), but still sufficiently pleasing to elicit your admiration. ("Hear, hear!")  
Thank you! Well, this effect reminds me of the Triple Alliance. We may  
take the drum to represent Italy, the set of pipes Germany, always fond of  
making a shrill noise, and the triangle will ably represent Austria. See?  
(Great applause.) And now I am very unwilling to weary you further.  
("No, no!") Thank you! But I myself have an appointment which I must  
keep, so therefore, I must conclude my entertainment—I should say speech.  
Otherwise you would grow weary of me? ("No, no!") Thank you! But  
before bidding you good-bye, I must sing you one more song that I think will  
please everybody. It is called "Home Sweet Home." (Thunders of applause.)  
And now I will just get the right key and fire away. (He tunes up harp, and  
prepares to play.) And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, silence please, while I  
sing the most touching song in my repertoire. (Sings with immense feeling,  
"Home, Sweet Home.") Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen, chorus, please—

"Home, sweet home!

Where'er we wander,

There's no place like ho—o—o—ome!"

[The chorus is repeated as MR. FARMER-ATKINSON disappears behind a  
curtain on the platform, and the audience fade away.]

## A PENNY FRENCH—TWO PENCE BRITISH.

(A Fragment from a Romance of the G. P. O.)

THE youth, without a moment's hesitation, dashed manfully into the sea.  
He was watched by the excited spectators, who cheered him as he breasted  
the waves that beat against the head of the  
Admiralty Pier. It must, indeed, have been a  
great prize in view that could have caused such a  
daring feat. That was the thought of the old  
Coast-guardsmen, as he watched the lad (he was  
scarcely more than a boy) as he took stroke after  
stroke for Calais. Now he rested on the back of a  
treacherous porpoise that soon cast him away.

"Will the steamboat lend him a helping hand,  
or rather rope?" muttered the veteran salt, as  
he watched the seemingly fragile figure of the  
swimmer. "Ah, by Neptune! well done! Strike me flat with a lubberly  
marling-spike, but a kindly act indeed!"

The action that had extorted the admiration of the aged seaman was a rope  
that had been thrown over the steamboat's bulwarks. The now weary swimmer  
gratefully accepted the boon. It saved his life.

"Will you pay the difference, and come on board, young Sir?" asked the  
Captain of the packet, facetiously.

"Were it not that I am very poor," gasped out the tired and shivering lad,  
"I should not have undertaken this gigantic but necessary task."

He held on bravely, and in good time the coast of France was sighted, neared,  
and reached. Although as cold as stone, owing to the exposure to the waves,  
the swimmer was now refreshed. He threw away the rope, and once more struck  
out.

"Adieu!" he cried to the crew of the steamboat. "I can finish the rest of  
the distance without assistance."

He was as good as his word. Soon he was standing on French ground buying  
a post-card for India.

"And why have you come in this strange fashion?" asked an aged mis-  
sionary of British extraction.

The weary lad replied in a faint voice, "Because at Calais a post-card to  
India costs a penny, at Dover twopence! Yet both posts surely are conveyed  
by the same mail. By swimming from Dover to Calais I have saved a penny!"  
And as he recorded this undoubted fact he fainted.



NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will  
in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule  
there will be no exception.





**ELEVEN YEARS OLD.**  
This Grand Old Whisky is made of the purest of the most famous Highland small distilleries.  
See the Bull, the Dog, and the Bottle, each only.

each bottle, as a sample, will be sent, post free to any address on receipt of P.O. for 1s. 6d.  
**RICH. MATTHEWS & CO.,**  
25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.  
Sole and Wholesale Importers throughout the Kingdom.

THE REAL "CUP OF KINDNESS."  
Perfect Blendings of the choicest brands of the highest quality of Fine Old Whiskies, in their purest form, as produced in Scotland, absolutely unadulterated with MATURED IN SCOTCH CASKS.  
A Luxury in Pure Scotch Whiskies.

**B. O. S.**  
BLENDED OLD SCOTCH

Exquisite Blendings—So harmonious in combination—Possessing character so novel and so entirely their own that they may fairly claim the very first place among high-class stimulants. Clever judges pronounce them "unique and unrivalled." May be ordered through any Wine Merchant, or will be forwarded direct. See that the Corks bear the respective number of Glass indicating quality—see Gold Capsules, also. B.O.S. is sold in Square White Bottles (10 in. tall), labelled and guaranteed, the quality being verified by a small label in each bottle. Cases charged as per dozen, allowed for when returned, and 1s. per dozen allowed for empty B.O.S. bottles. Sample Bottle, carriage paid anywhere in the United Kingdom, on receipt of 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. respectively.

**PEASE, SON & CO., LEITH, SCOTLAND.**  
Sole Importers, LONDON and DUBLIN.  
Established 1858. (Please mention "Punch" when ordering.) Carriage paid on orders of One Dozen and upwards.

**HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.**  
The Best Liqueur.

**TENERIFE (CANARY) CIGARS.**  
"REPUBLICANOS FEDERALES."

Cool and Delicious Summer Weed of a novel shape. Mild, Aromatic, and Delicate. Packed in tins of 10 in two sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (Portage 3d. extra). 12s. and 14s. per 100. Post Free. **NEWBY & CO. (Ld.),** 45, Strand, W.C. 74, Strand East India House, and 11, Colindale, E.C. 5.

**GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.**

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using **ARINE**. Sold only by **W. WINTER,** 47, Oxford St., London. Price 1s. 6d. the 6d. 2/6. For tinting grey or faded Hair **ARINE** is invaluable.

**SULPHOLINE LOTION**  
THE CURE FOR  
ERUPTIONS, BLOTCHES, ECZEMA,  
ACNE DISFIGUREMENTS,  
MAKES THE SKIN CLEAR, SMOOTH,  
SUPPLE, HEALTHY.

2 Million Bottles filled in 1873.  
18 Million " " " 1890.

**Apollinaris**  
"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"Cosmopolitan."  
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

Sir CHAS. CAMERON, M.D., says:—"An Excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants."  
**ESTABLISHED 1826.**  
**NEAVE'S FOOD**  
For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and THE AGED.  
BEST AND CHEAPEST.  
Dr. BARTLEY, F.R.S., says:—"The Food and Bone-forming constituents are far above the average of the best Farinaceous Foods."  
**Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.**

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS.**

Numbers for use by BANKERS:—Barrel Pens, 226, 262, Slip Pens, 332, 909, 287, 166, 404. In Fine, Medium, and Broad Points.

THE **G. B. UAM-VAR WHISKY.**  
**DIABETES WHISKY.**  
Contains 30 Sugar. Is not stored in Sherry Casks.  
For DIABETES, GOUT, & NIDNEY COMPLAINTS.  
"Certainly seems to destroy its name."—Lancet.  
48s. per Doz.  
CARRIAGE PAID.  
**GEO. BACK & CO.,**  
Devonshire Square, London.

Recommended by the Medical Faculty as the only cheap expanding brace.  
**DEBRETTE'S EXHILARATOR BRACE.**  
[PATENTED.]  
THERE'S NOTHING IN FRONT, SIR!  
For Evening Dress this Brace is perfection.  
It stays the whole front of the shirt unattached, and the self-adjusting centre in back causes this brace to give with every movement of the body. Never fails to give a Military carriage, increase the lung capacity, enlarge the chest, and make stooping and round shoulders impossible. One advantage of the Exhilarator is that, whilst perfectly suspending the trousers, it greatly prevents the sagging at the knee, being the only self-balancing brace made. Many of the benefits of a soldier's training are enjoyed by wearing Exhilarator Braces. Young and old can wear and receive benefit from Exhilarator Braces, which give an upright, easy, and graceful carriage. For Volunteers, Pedestrians, Cyclists, Golf-Players, and all Athletics it is perfect comfort.



**LOHSE'S MAIGLÖCKCHEN**  
—LILY OF THE VALLEY—  
**PERFUME AND TOILET SOAP**  
are the most fashionable in the world.  
Sold by all high class Perfumers.  
**GUSTAV LOHSE, BERLIN.**

**J. EXSHAW & CO.'S**  
**FINEST OLD BRANDY.**  
60s. per doz. in Cases as Imported.  
**T. W. STAPLETON & Co.,** 28, Regent Street, W.

Fac-simile of Stamp on Back of Every TWO YARDS of all GENUINE  
**CHIPPING NORTON TWEEDS.**

**W. BLISS & CO. C. NORTON**  
SPECIALITY FOR  
**HUNTING and RIDING BREECHES,**  
Tweed Suits, Boys' Wear, and all HARDWEAR.

**'ONE PIECE' Studs**  
AND CUFF BUTTONS.  
Unbreakable PATENT Unbreakable  
Section Stud. View of Stud. Variety of Patterns.  
Shiffling Stud. Section Stud. View of Stud. Variety of Patterns.

Shiffling Stud. Section Stud. View of Stud. Variety of Patterns.  
Studs of single plate of gold. Elegance and absolute uniformity of curve, and so shipped into button hole with perfect ease. THEY NEVER BREAK, but IF DAMAGED FROM ANY CAUSE, NEW ONES GIVEN IN EXCHANGE. To be had of all Goldsmiths and Jewellers, AND WHOLESALE ONLY.  
**SAUNDERS & SHEPHERD, LONDON.**  
Sole Licensees and Consignees.  
CAUTION.—Merchandise Mark Act, 1875.—The Trade are cautioned against counterfeiting of this stud—clumsy in pieces soldered together—but played to deceive, and sold as the "One Piece."

**HAVE YOU A BABY?**  
If so, send for a free bottle, with testimonials and Medical Opinions, of  
**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK.**  
A PERFECT FOOD IN ITSELF.  
20, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.



**TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.**  
**SCRUBB'S (Cloudy) AMMONIA.**  
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.  
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for toilet purposes. Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, &c.  
Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.  
1s. bottle for six to ten baths.  
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.  
**SCRUBB & Co., 15 Red Cross St., E.C.**

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."  
**CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE**

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Haemorrhoids of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pain, for it removes the cause from the blood and joints. In bottles, 1s. 6d. and 1/6 each, of all Chemists, Proprietors, Lister and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln. Beware of cheap imitations.

**Borwick's Baking Powder.**  
THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

**'K' BOOTS.**

# "Vinolia" Soap.

**PUREST. SAFEST. BEST. NO SODA OR POTASH.**  
**Does not Dry or Shrink the Skin, Hair, and Nails.**

"An ideal Soap, delightfully perfumed."—*Chemist and Druggist*.

"Of unquestionable excellence, and much in favour with the profession."—*British Medical Journal*.

"Excellent from its purity, lathers freely, and is very lasting."—*Queen*.

Floral, 6d.; Balsamic, 8d.; Otto Toilet, 10d.; and Vestal, 2s. 6d. per tablet. Shaving Sticks, 1s., 1s. 6d.; Flat Cakes, 2s.



**FOR ITCHING, INSECT BITES, FACE SPOTS, SUNBURN, &c.**

"For acne spots on the face, and particularly for eczema, it is undoubtedly efficacious, frequently healing eruptions and removing pimples in a few days. It relieves itching at once."—*Baby*.

1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. per Box.



**FOR TOILET, NURSERY, OILY SKINS, TENDER FEET, &c.**

"Superseding the old toilet powders, which are apt to cause acne spots on the face by blocking up the pores of the skin."—*Lady's Pictorial*.

1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. per Box, in Pink, White, and Cream.

## "Vinolia"

**AROMATIC.**

**PRESERVATIVE.**

It contains no salicylic or mineral acids, or bleaching corrosive alkalis. Instead of Soap, which turns the teeth yellow, it is made with the harmless Saponin (South American Soap Bark), which lathers and cleanses beautifully.

English, 2s. 6d.



## Dentifrice

**ANTISEPTIC.**

**REFRESHING.**

The *British and Colonial Druggist* says: "It consists of a very delicately perfumed powder, entirely free from the least trace of grittiness or alkalinity. In the mouth, the sensation of smoothness and coolness produced is most grateful."

American, 1s. 6d.